

I've Been Watching You

by Silver Butterfly 111

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Summary: 20 years after his defeat Bill Cipher is still in Gravity Falls, biding his time for a chance at vengeance and he has an ally this time.

1. Chapter 1

**This is a song-fic that my cousin said I should write. I debated for a while about weather or not I should post it but I finally deiced that I wanted to. I hope you like it. **

**The plot is based off: I've Been Watching You by: Rodney Adkins
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* * *

><p>The little boy sat cross-legged on the floor, in front of a strange symbol he'd drawn into the gleaming wood. The little boy was feverishly chanting in Latin. His eyes glowing a cyan blue.
"Triangulum, entangulum. Veneforis dominus ventium. Veneforis venetisarium." Three heartbeats and nothing happened.</p>

The boy's face fell and he growled in annoyance.

There was a noise from the doorway behind him. He turned to face the figure lingering in the doorway. "Whatchya doin' kiddo?" The figure asked though they asked the question with a blasÃ© tone.

"Doesn't matter it didn't work anyways." The boy responded with a clearly discouraged tone.

The man shook his head and strolled over to stand behind the boy who was still cross-legged on the floor and looked over the kid's shoulder.

He raised an eyebrow in slight surprise. Well it certainly had been a

while since he'd seen _that!_

The corners of his mouth twitched in the promise of a twisted smile- it still felt strange to have a mouth- he cast his gaze to the black Sharpie marker that lay next to the boy, its cap had evidently rolled off somewhere and was probably hiding under the couch. The man made a sound of annoyance in the back of his throat. Great, that'll take a while to scrub off of the floor. Fantastic. "William!" the man scolded. The boy tilted his head backwards and stared up at his father with unnerving hazel eyes. "What?"

"Did you have to draw on the floor of a room that people actually see?" The little boy shrugged his shoulders as he examined his little art project. "I don't see what's wrong with its location, you have one in your room." "People aren't allowed in my room Therein lies the problem. This is not your room this is a room that is less than five steps from the door," the man tilted his head toward the doors in question. Tall wooden things made of oak and carved with intricate swirling designs. "And those symbols don't exactly stand for happiness and sunshine."

William ignored his father's tone and tried to recite the chant again. "Triangulum, entangu-" Bill cringed as he felt the remnants of his demonic energy trying to escape his body and revert back to its original form. He clapped a black-gloved hand over his son's mouth. "Zip it kid."

Will scowled and made a muffled protest. Bill removed his hand from his son's mouth. "It could have worked that time." The boy protested. "Just like it worked the other nine times?" Bill questioned nonchalantly leaning on his black cane and scowling down at the symbols Will had drawn on the floor- two symbols in particular irked him more than the others.- a pine tree and and a shooting star. His mouth slid into a frown. "Pines'!" He snarled. I hate nature. Stupid trees stupid stars stupid planet full of stupid fleshbags. This was all their fault.

* * *

><p>20 years earlier

Weirdmageddon had been going better than he'd plannedâ€|.until he realized that Dipper had actually managed to persuade Mabel out of her fantasy bubble.

"WHAT?! Do you mean they escaped?"

"I thought it was self-explanatory sir, the bubble isn't there anymore."

"Find them and get them out of the way I can't have them ruining things when we're so close to gaining world domination!" the lesser demon hurried away to do his bidding.

Cipher turned his attention back to his prisoner.-Ford Pines- the older mortal man was chained to the wall. Bright blue chains made of otherworldly demonic energy restraining his feet hands and feet and pulling the appendages backward towards the wall, pulling enough to nearly dislocate the limbs from their sockets, a third chain was wrapped around his head and pulled towards the wall in a similar

fashion. If Bill had a mouth he would have smirked, as it was he just stared at Ford with a mixture of amusement and annoyance.

"Let's try this again. Why is there a bubble around the town that prevents me and my forces from spreading?"

"How should I know?" Ford snapped.

"Because you and I both know how you felt about our former agreement. You backed out of it and shut down the portal however you knew this whole thing was inevitable so you obviously set up precautions to minimize the "damage" so I'll be polite because I'm in a pretty good mood all things considered. I'll ask you one more time.
"How'd you do it?"

"I'll never tell you!"...

Ford gasped in pain as the chains tightened and the substance they were made of began to burn his flesh. "...Unicorn...hair!" He choked out. The chains loosened and the burning sensation stopped. Ford gasped for air and Bill just gave him a self-satisfied glare. "Was that so hard Sixer?" Ford just looked momentarily ashamed before resuming his glaring at the demon.

* * *

><p>Bill floated just around the outskirts of the protective bubble surrounding the Mystery Shack, eyeing the building itself before his calculating gaze floated upward to the energy beam that was shooting out the top of the building and spreading outward.</p>

The mystical energy seemed to be invisible to mortal eyes. He couldn't set foot in the Shack where the energy concentration was at its highest and he definitely couldn't touch the bubble, but that didn't mean someone else couldn't.

Bill shoved Keyhole forward. "Get rid of the unicorn hair." Bill demanded indicating the thin outline of multicolored sting that wrapped around the entire Shack. "But...boss it'll hurt.." Keyhole complained. "Just. Do. It!" Bill fumed, his eye bringing to widened as streaks of red mixed with the normal white.

Keyhole flinched away, fearing the superior demon's wrath. "Okay, okay"

The lesser demon approached the house cautiously. He reached the edge of the barrier, hand extended to snatch and rip away the first stand of unicorn hair, his chubby fingers brushed against the magical substance and the smell of burning was followed by gut-wrenching screams, the lesser demon howled with agony trying to withdraw his hand but the unicorn hair was now melded to his palm so his screams of agony continued.

Reduced to a pile of ash with a clump of unicorn hair next to him. The lesser demon had perished for the cause, the hair had been removed from one section of the Shack, enough for Cipher and the rest of the minor demons to enter. The bubble around the town had also been affected, weakened on the east side.

Cipher turned to the rest of his remaining forces and without having

to voice his thoughts all of his friends left to spread the Apocalypse to the rest of the world. Leaving Cipher to enter the Shack aloneâ€| Silence met him on the other side of the door's threshold. Until he heard two voicesâ€|

* * *

><p>Back in the present. Cipher exhaled a breath. "I'm telling you it might have worked that time!" William persisted. "I don't think so." Cipher countered. "It's been years since that little chant meant anything." Will scowled and the room temperature began to raise. "You just always used to tell me stories about what you used to be like.." shifting his gaze to his clenched fists the boy's eyes flashed with red and his blood rushed in his vines. "Flesh sucks." William hissed.</p>

* * *

><p>20 years earlier

Why did Pine Tree and Shooting Star have to get in the way of everything? All he remembered was seeing a strange looking infinity dice. And now he was losing his grip on the strange reality he'd created. His physical form was deteriorating. _Damn it!_

He retreated into the dreamscape to create another physical form.

The human puppet hovered in the dreamscape, currently in coma-like state, Cipher began to transfer his demonic energy into the body that he'd thought into existence, he could feel himself getting weaker and weaker, he was running out of time.

The dreamscape itself was beginning to deteriorate around him and then he and his other physical form were just falling through empty space still in mid-energy transfer.

His demonic energy was scattered to the point where he was just ash floating around in the air, he was aware of everything around him. Shooting Star was crying, hugging her brother's limp body. _Good at least Pine Tree is out of the picture._ Further examination of his surroundings revealed dead bodies scattered everywhere.-victims that had made up his stones throne that had been unfrozen from their stone states only to plummet from the sky when his pyramid-castle had vanished. Everything was relatively back to "normal" although the town was in ruins. Shooting Star ran off-tears in her eyes-dragging her brother's body away.

Closer examination of the corpses had him discover a dead man who looked relatively uninjured- aside from being dead and missing his left eye.

The remnants of Cipher's demonic energy gathered around the body and entered the vessel. The mortal's soul was long gone- taken by death and then the body woke for a second time. Resurrected by demonic energies.

Cipher's fingers twitched and the body's remaining eye blinked up at the sky-still tinted red from being torn apart by the rift.

Cipher picked up the human-like vessel that he'd created before the dreamscape had collapsed. The body at the moment held most of his energy, he had to find a place where the both of them could hideâ€|.the body stirred, and opened its amber-gold eyes- indicating that the vessel was technically possessed.

Cipher carried the body away from the carnage.

* * *

><p>20 years had passed since then and hear both of them were. Still in Gravity Falls having taken up residence in the abandoned Northwest Mansion most of the surviving citizens had fled the town after the Apocalypse. One person in particular seemed determined to deal with the terrible rumors of how devils had ripped the sky apart and tried to end the world. Humans and their over-dramatic stories.</p>

That one person in particular was a now thirty-three year-old Shooting Star with her husband and her twin children Melissa and Derek.

Cipher saw this as a new opportunity for vengeance and he explained as much to William.

"They're Pines and what have I told you Pines are best at?" Cipher asked as the two of them stared at the wheel of symbols on the wooden floor. William grinned with a dark sort of glee as his palms erupted in white flames, as he burned away the Sharpie outlines of the pine tree and the shooting star, his amber eyes reflecting the light of the flames and gleaming with malice.

"Burning." William said.

Cipher smiled with a twisted sense of pride.

2. Chapter 2

Search** YouTube for **

Cipher's Game || Gravity Falls by kateorangesky11

To watch a cool video that I found.

Chapter 2- Cipher's Game

* * *

><p>"Clean this mess up." Cipher demanded.</p>

William gave a long suffering sigh and watched his dad retreat from the room muttering darkly to himself.

The temperature in the room was still fluctuating as Will tried to control his temper.

He shifted his fingers through the thin layer of ash that had formed on the hardwood floor. He gathered the ash in a pile as if preparing to make a bizarre sort of sandcastle, he gathered the ash in his hand and blew it into the air.

The ash floated away like snow on the wind and washed over the Sharpie outlines of the summoning circle and disbursed elsewhere. The only evidence that something had happened were the thin black scorch marks on the wood where Will had burned the pine tree and shooting star

Will stood and walked out of the room, leaving the Sharpie itself on the floor without its lid, he couldn't be bothered with doing everything he was asked.

The sound of him slamming his bedroom door shut echoed through the empty mansion.

* * *

><p>In the same hallway Bill shut his own door with a soft click. He stood there in the darkness for a moment, contemplating things as one would if they were alone in the dark.</p>

He leaned against the closed door and folded his arms across his chest with a smirk. A loud snap of his fingers sent flames racing around the room lighting the many candles set into the walls and chandelier, casting the room in icy blue light.

In the center of the room was another larger and more detailed summoning circle like the one Will had drawn expect this one was etched into the floor with blue flame.

Cipher wasn't the only one in the room though. "Well, well look who's here." Cipher chanted in a mock surprise.

"Cut the act Bill you're the one who told me to come here."

"Ever Mr Obvious Pine Tree." Cipher countered. "Didn't you miss me?" Cipher asked fringing mock hurt.

Dipper's spirit scowled. "Like hell I missed you! What do you want!?"

"What makes you think I want something?

"Because you're you."

"Ouch. That's harsh kid, your judgement skills could have used this sort of development twenty years ago," Cipher chuckled as his eye looked the 12 year-old ghost up and down. "Too little too late I guess." Cipher shrugged.

"Haha. Very funny." Dipper laughed dryly.

Cipher gave a frustrated sigh and pushed himself away from the door frame.

"I don't get it," Dipper said. "It's over, you lost you played your sick and twisted game and you lost. Deal with it!"

Cipher continued to approach the circle. "You think this is over? It would have been over if you and your sister hadn't gotten in the way."

"You leave my sister alone!" Dipper hissed furiously.

"Oh I won't do anything to _her_, she's too old for this game now anyway. She hasn't been any sort of threat to me or my plans since you got the life knocked out of you."

"I'm not scared of you anymore Bill do your worst."

Bill grinned. "Nice to know I have your permission."

Dipper tilted his head in confusion. He knew that Bill Cipher's mental health was shaky at best and psychotic at the worst but it seemed as if the demon had finally lost the rest of his sanityâ€|. If he really had any to begin withâ€| Which Dipper doubted.

"So you called me here to tell me that you weren't going to mess with my sister and yet you still want to play your little 'games'" Cipher grinned slyly. "You're losing your touch PineTree I really thought you would have put two and two together by now. I'm not going to touch your _sister_ but your _niece_ _and_ _nephew_ on the other hand, they're fair game."

The look on Pinetree's face was priceless. If he still had blood in his veins he would have gone pale.

"I'mâ€|.an uncle?" Dipper said in a whisper to himself. Bill heard this of course because Pinetree had this annoying and sometimes helpful habit of talking to himself.

The smug grin on Bill's face seemed to grow wider. "Ding, ding, ding, we have a winner. I thought I was going to have to spell it out for you."

"You leave them out of this, they haven't done anything!" Dipper snarled.

Bill shook his head and clicked his tongue he really might have pitied Pinetree if it wasn't so much fun to put him in these types of situations in the first place.

"They exist, Pintree. That's the problem here.,,but I plan to correct this little problem."

"If you think this is going to work then you really have lost it. Mabel would have warned them about you." Dipper shouted at the demon in hopes to discourage him. "Yes, she would have wouldn't sheâ€|. She would have told them about _me_." _Cipher placed a gloved hand over his heart- or where his heart would have been if he'd been mortal. "Or should we be more accurate and say this," The hand that wasn't on his chest burst into flames, the strange blue embers floated upwards and twisted into the shape of his normal demonic form. "She would have told them about a strange triangle, who makes deals with children in order to satisfy his own means. She would have stopped breathing every time either of them complained about nightmares..If one of them wasn't acting normally she would have started to fear they were under my influence. "

Dipper folded his arms. "Get to the point."

Cipher inched forward with an ominous look gleaming in his eyes.

"But you and Shooting Star, destroyed that form," To emphasize his point Bil made a sweeping gesture with hand and the blue tinted embers that had made the image of the triangle, scattered and dissolved, she doesn't know about this one at all." Cipher gestured to himself again.

"She'll figure it out, you underestimate her." Pinetree's voice soared with confidence. Bill smirked and inched back toward the door. This conversation was drawing to a close. "You say that I've underestimated her but you underestimate _me_."

"What are you playing at," Pinetree asked warily. Cipher turned the doorknob and side-stepped as the door fell open, William- who'd been eavesdropping at the door for about half of the conversation- steadied his feet to prevent himself from falling over.

"Who the hell is that." Dipper hissed.

In response William glared at the ghost as his clenched fists erupted in white flames.

A look of absolute horror materialized on Pinetree's face."There's a new player in the game now Pinetree." Cipher's grin turned from amused to psychotic as he placed a hand on William's shoulder. "I think we're done here." He added., "Don't you dare!" Pintree's protest faded along with him as Bill snapped his fingers, the candles in the room went out as well, only the summoning circle stayed lit although the flames that made up its outline had been dimmed.

3. Chapter 3

Glory and Gore- Lorde

Chapter 4- Familiar-Strange Places

"That went well." Bill said, grinning in the dim afterglow of the half-extinguished summoning circle. Will shrugged. "What happens now?" Cipher struggled to contain a deranged fit of laughter. "Now we have the real fun, kid. I think it's time you met a few old friend of mine. We have debts to collect."

The next day found William slipping away from the mansion and into the woods. Slightly overcast, the sky was tinted white-gray.

Will's nerves buzzed with an almost electric force as he meandered through the darkening woods.

He had anticipated this moment for a very very long time. Things would begin to fall into place, if he could just do this right.

The journey through the woods took the better half of the day, he knew that he could have been there in less than half that time if he used his demonic powers to bend time itself but it was important to converse that much power as using it would weaken both him and Cipher, seeing as they had shared energy between them, the result of the incomplete energy transfer ritual that had happened twenty years

ago.

William also had his own type of demonic force, his mentor- Mr. Cipher- suspected that this was because there had been trace amounts of other demonic energies in the air that had entered William before he'd been fully conscious.

It was the combination of all these energies that allowed William to use most of his demonic powers even though he was stuck in this human-like vessel.

He didn't really age for one thing; he could make himself appear any age he wanted though he didn't see any reason to use this ability.

He enjoyed keeping the form of a little boy, no one suspected a little boy to be capable of doing half of the things he could and this fact amused him greatly.

Emerging from the tree line and glancing at the small old building before him he began to recall memories that weren't exactly his.. If they were being shown to him directly by Bill across the telepathic link they had or they had been buried in a part of William's own subconscious he was unsure.

He saw a boy sitting on the roof of the little house with a strange bulky laptop resting in his lapâ€|.a little girl who liked to wear obnoxiously bright sweaters and had a pet pig that followed her around everywhere...an old man in a fez hat whom had a brother that liked to build strange inventionsâ€| A wave of sudden anger washed over Will like a tide and a bitter taste arose in his mouth. Hate. He hated this family who thought they could get away with playing games and quitting half way through.

It's not over yet Pines' not even close.

As if the darker side of the universe had heard the silent threats it presented him with an opportunity.

A girl emerged from the house and made her way around the side of the house before she disappeared from view, Will stood where he was for a moment longer.

Scanning over his surroundings and noticing little details that were different from the last time he'd been here- he could feel Bill Cipher's energy reacting to little differences- William himself had never been to the Mystery Shack in this body- but Bill had been here plenty of times and had described the place in detail that made Will certain he could find his way around the property if he was blind. It was both familiar and foreign to the little demon.

He glanced back towards the woods, sensing Bill's familiar dark and mysterious aura getting close, they had both taken separate paths to the same place.

_Go on. _Cipher's voice urged in William's head. _I have my own things to accomplish here, you stick to your half of the plan.
_William strode forward disappearing behind the side of the house after the girl.

William watched the two children playing for a moment while he was still unnoticed.

The moment however didn't last long. The small brown, white and black Beagle puppy that the children had been devoting their attention to suddenly sensed William and ran at him, yapping and snarling.

"Patches!" The girl twin- Melissa- shouted. Following after the dog worried that it was going to bolt out of the backyard and into the street.

She instead came face to face with a boy she'd never seen before. Seeing as her mother had taught her to be friendly to everyone as to make a nice first impression she smiled at Will apologetically. "Hi, sorry about Patches he's usually so good around new people." The girl picked up the dog and began scolding it.

The other twin- Derek- had made his way over to them by now and was regarding William with a strange look on his face. "Who are you?" The other boy asked, this question earned him an elbow in the ribs courtesy of his sister. "Don't be rude." She snapped. "What it was a fair question! " Derek responded defensively, rubbing his sore rib.

"Don't say it like that." Melissa continued. The girl cleared her throat and took a step toward Will. "Don't mind my brother. He talks before he thinks sometimes, do you wanna pet Patches?" She asked, stretching her arms out and offering Will the shaking puppy.

Will took a step back. "No thanks I'm not an animal person." I'm not a person for that matter. Will thought.

Will knew that animals could sense demon energies where humans could only sense demons if they were gifted or taught how to.

There was a loud oink from somewhere in the yard. Will looked around and spotted a very old looking, very fat pig.

"Oh be quiet Waddles!" Derek called in the pig's direction. "That's our mom's pig Waddles,, he's really old and mom is sad because we think he's going to die soon." Melissa clarified.

Will fought the urge to groan. He could care less about a stupid old pig.

Will regarded Derek with a flat expression until his eyes came to rest on the boy's head where there was an old faded baseball cap with a pine tree on itâ€|. William blinked and another memory unfolded on the back of his eyelids.

The same hat worn by a different boyâ€|.that boy laying lifeless on the ground.

Will open his eyes, his golden irises flashing red with anger for a split second before reverting back to their normal amber shade.

"Pine Tree." Will mused with a slight smirk at Derek, to Will's surprise Derek seemed to panic for a moment before relaxing a bit.

_He recognised the name. _ William stored that information away for later. The other boy took off the hat and looked at it with an odd expression. "It was my uncle's. I never met him though." The boy confessed.

_I know the story. _"Spare me the details." Will replied in a less than sympathetic tone.

Derek scowled and shoved the hat back on his head. "Now who's the one being rude." Derek mumbled.

Melissa cleared her throat in an attempt to be the peacemaker. "Anyways you like playing games?" She asked.

_Your definition of a game and my definition of a game are very different. _Will thought with a superior gleam in his eyes as they flashed bright blue temporally.

The other children gasped, apparently noticing the change this time around.

"How'd you do that?" Melissa asked in a whisper as her brother stared at Will with a slightly open mouth.

Will grinned. "Magic." He replied in a cryptic tone. He leaned towards them and they leaned closer, expecting to be let in on some great secret but Will just tapped them both on the shoulder. "Tag, you're it." He whispered, before he summoned a fraction of his demonic powers and made himself invisible, reappearing a few feet away from them. The children ran after him, oblivious to just what kind of game they'd entered.

4. Chapter 4

**To answer Donut Downpour's question. Will/ William is a demon who is currently trapped in a human vessel after Bill tried to create a second physical form after his first one was destroyed by Mabel and Dipper when they used the infinity die. Cipher was in the middle of transferring his energy into the new form when the dreamscape collapsed. William had enough energy to gain consciousness, he has quite a bit of Cipher's energy inside of him mixed with other demon energies that had also been in the air. So for lack of a better word William is Cipher's "son" or an apprentice seeing as Will rarely ever calls Cipher his "father" directly to the other demon's face. **

I hope that answered your question.

* * *

><p>Eyes Open- Taylor Swift

Chapter 4

Don't Give Him Ideas

I just realized that I called chapter three chapter four by accident. Oops. Oh well.

* * *

><p>There was an unmistakable scream as the three children made their way around to the front of the house. William slowed to a stop, and the twins behind him had to rapidly follow his example, however the other children weren't as coordinated as Will was and Melissa bumped into him, her brother collided with her and the two of them fell to the ground like dominos.</p>

Will spared them a small glance and scoffed. _Humans are so clumsy. _The dog called Patches yelped and wiggled out of Melissa's hold.

The small pup took in the scene around him with big brown eyes. There was a strange man standing near them. The dog sniffed the air in an attempt to get the man's scent.

Patches whimpered and his tail went between his legs. He didn't like this man-or the boy. They both smelled like blood and fire. The puppy turned and bolted into the backyard.

Melissa shoved her brother away from her and stood up hastily brushing off her jeans. Derek did the same.

The twins looked from the strange man to their mother who stood in the doorway to the Shack her face pale, her eyes filled with anger.

It was an anger unlike anything Melissa or Derek had seen. It wasn't like when they didn't eat their vegetables or when they used to tease Waddles or ruin one of her paintingsâ€| No, their mom was looking at this man like he'd done something horrible and as far as the twins were concerned all the man was doing was standing in their front yard- it didn't make any sense. Their mother had never hated anyone. But that was the closest word that either of the children could think of to describe the look in their mom's eyes.

The man on the other hand didn't look threatened by the expression at all. He looked amused, like he'd been told a very funny joke. Derek was the first to break the strange tense silence. "Momâ€|? Who is he?"

William had still not been noticed at this point- broke away from the other children and strolled across the lawn to watch the proceedings with a smirk and folded arms.

The brunet woman blinked as if coming out of a sort of trance, face still twisted into a scowl and brown eyes nearly black with loathing. She spit out a single word born from years of fear, anger and bitterness.

You! She growled with all the force of a feral animal.

"Me." The man responded with an overly cheery tone.

"Him." Will whispered with a grin.

Who?! Melissa and Derek shouted in unison, clearly fed up with being left out of something that seemed very important.

Will chuckled, fighting to suppress the full amount of insane

laughter bubbling in his chest. The woman glanced at her children, still eyeing Cipher with a glare. "Get in the house," She ordered the twins with a forced calmness. "I'll handle this."

Derek and Melissa inched toward the older Mabel eyeing the strange man with confused curiosity, their little game of tag with Will forgotten.

"Don't look at him!" Mabel snapped causing both of her children to flinch and stare at the ground, ashamed.

But it was too late, everyone else present had seen the curiosity on the twins faces.

Cipher was pleased.

William was proud that his part of the plan had been accomplished.

And Mabel was absolutely horrified.

Not. Again. God please not again. She pleaded with the universe.

The twins dragged their feet, trying to prolong their time here in the hopes that they could glean some sort of information if they could just hear the grown-ups begin a conversation the way grown-ups did then they knew children weren't in the room.

But their mother snapped again. "I said get in the house. Both of you. Now!" The scolded twins picked up their pace, their small feet pounding on the wooden planks of the porch as they fled into the house. Both casting one last glance at Will, wondering what on earth he could possibly have to do in all of this.

Will saw them looking at him and mouthed the word 'answers' with a taunting smirk and a wave of his hand, mimicking a good-bye wave.

Melissa and Derek stood frozen in the doorway for a moment before remembering that they weren't supposed to be there, they snapped their eyes to the floor and vanished into the house.

Mabel slammed the door behind her children and wheeled on her brother's murderer.

Cipher regarded her with a bored expression.

"Go away." Mabel snarled, staring down the demon from her slightly higher vantage point on porch.

"Don't you have anything to say to me, Shooting Star? Did you miss me? Admit it, you missed me." Cipher grinned at her, he enjoyed making her squirm.

"Go to Hell." Mabel threatened.

Cipher cocked an eyebrow at her.

"Been there done that. You really need to come up with something more

creative to threaten me with. You and your brother both."

Cipher watched as Shooting Star's whole demeanour changed from loathing, to pain in half of an instant.

"Myâ€¢! My brother is DEAD because of you, you bloodthirsty monster!" She screamed.

Cipher rolled his one remaining eye. Humans and their need to be so loud and overdramatic.

"Dead he may be, but he's still a constant thorn in my side. Evidently death doesn't make anyone less noisy and annoying."

—

"Good. You deserve all the torture my brother and the universe throw in your satanic little face." Mabel smiled with a grim sort of satisfaction.

"I'll take that as a compliment." Cipher informed her. She glared harder at him in response.

Mabel turned her fury on Will next. Eyeing him with great suspicion. She addressed Cipher as she spoke. "And who is he, another one of your pawns, someone who does your dirty work because you're too proud and high-and-mighty to do anything yourself?"

"He's simply here to even out the odds. I have no intention of repeating last time-two against one is hardly fair." Cipher drawled. Mabel growled again. "'Hardly fair' my dead brother and uncle Ford's graves you deceitful little devil-spawn!" Mabel snarled. "There isn't going to be a next time, you like making deals so bet someone's soul on that you lying no-good creep!" She turned into the house and slammed the door to punctuate her sentence.

"Someone's soul.. What an excellent idea." Cipher muttered, grinning like a madman. "William, I have another job for you."

End
file.